

Fushigi Mizu

by Rani

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Summary: Miaka is missing!! Ranma is sucked into some weird type book while dodging mallet blows from Akane!!

1. Default Chapter Title

Thanks to our pre-readers : Lord Talon, Ratbat, Seratia, Kahlil Noriega, Jonathan Lloyd, Black Ice, Skuld63282@aol.com and Ezrial1@aol.com.

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Fushigi Mizu

> by: Dy <p>

< Country of Konan >

With their hands held together in a tender gesture of love and companionship, Miaka and Tamahome stood outside her bedchamber. They dreaded having to say goodnight, because then they would have to part for hours, not seeing each other again until the sun rose the next day... or so they thought.

Miaka brought up her other hand and toyed absently with her ponytail.

"I failed to summon Suzaku's powers again. If I didn't know better, I had truly believe that I'm not meant for this task," she said giggling a little self-consciously.

Tamahome gave her a tight smile in reponse. "Rest and forget your worries, Miaka. We would all try again tomorrow."

Miaka immediately brightened up and nodded her assent, oblivious of

the tension around Tamahome's mouth.

"Goodnight, Tama-chan..." Miaka raised herself on tiptoes and aimed for his lips. She encircled his neck with her arms.

A few seconds later, Tamahome lifted his lips from hers and pulled away from her embrace.

"It's getting late... I have to go. You need as much sleep as you can get if we are to try calling Suzaku again. You know how much Konan's fate depends on it."

"Yes, I do..." she agreed whole-heartedly.

Miaka's mind started working overtime with visions of what would happen should she fail again. She vowed with determination, "As long as it is in my powers to do so, I will help this country, Konan, rise from despair to glorious victory." A large flame of conviction began blazing brightly all around Miaka, fueled by the strong emotions racing through her entire being.

"Let's not get too carried away here..." Tamahome reminded, fanning down the sudden fire in an attempt to stop the disastrous idea from forming inside Miaka's brain. Having been the one to save her neck from mishap after mishap, he knew first-hand how draining such an experience could be.

She smiled sheepishly and muttered an apology. "Sorry..."

Opening the door to her room, Miaka stepped inside and hurriedly turned around to greet Tamahome for the last time. "Sweet dreams, Tama-chan. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Right... tomorrow." As soon as he heard the unmistakable sound of the door being shut, Tamahome released the tired sigh he'd been holding back for quite a while now. With a distracted look in his eyes, he retraced his steps back to the castle's main hall.

He was very confused, but he wasn't really sure why. A part of him wanted to believe that it was all because of the pressure his country was in, the growing chaos, the inevitable war with Kutou, but deep inside, he knew that it was something else...

It was Miaka. She was so innocent, so naive... so helpless. He was worried that she might not be able to bear all the problems they were going through and might suddenly break down one day. She didn't realize that to save others, one must first know how to save oneself.

He sighed again and paused as he passed a window. He noticed how beautiful the night was, with all the stars shining so bright. On impulse, he whispered a heartfelt wish...

"I wish our priestess was a stronger woman." Then he continued walking through the silent corridors of the Royal Konan Palace, making his way to his own bedchamber.

* * *

In the depths of the mystical forest where the sorcerer's territory

lay, Taiitsu-kun watched the couple's exchange in her enchanted mirror. She gave a small nod at Tamahome's little whim. How clever of him to sense what Taiitsu-kun was about to do...

"It is time..." her raspy voice rang out against the fortress' peaceful walls. With a wave of her fingers, the image in the crystal ball changed...

* * *

"Tama! Where are you, Tama? Chichiri's looking for you..."

Tamahome whirled around at the sound of his name being called. Almost immediately, he heard the sound of loud laughing and guffawing. His eyes darkened menacingly.

"TASUKI!!!"

Tasuki quickly crouched down to catch Mitsukake's scampering white cat, Tama.

"Good morning, Tama! I didn't know you were there! Up so early?" Tasuki said, this time referring to Tamahome as he let go of the cat.

His bright orange hair hid his smirk from Tamahome's view. Tasuki decided to tease Tamahome a little more since his friend seemed to be in a testy mood this morning.

"Damn right you didn't!" Tamahome scowled darkly and approached Tasuki, his intentions obviously taking on a violent turn.

Tasuki's grin widened as he reached for his fan. "Cool it, Tama. Your fur's getting all ruffled. Here, let me help you..."

Tasuki flipped open the iron fan and wildly swung a stroke in the air, throwing hot flames all over the place, especially all over Tamahome.

Tamahome tried to leap out of the way, but he wasn't fast enough. In the end though, he did manage to escape unharmed, but totally blackened. Soots stained his cheeks and clothes. Combined with the fierce frown on his face, he looked every bit like the ogre his blazing character branded him to be.

Tasuki laughed harder and harder until his sides began to hurt. He saw Tamahome lunge at him and so he turned around to flee across the hall, but a hand grasped his shirt collar and stopped him. Twisting around, he was surprised to see a pair of violet eyes instead of dark blue ones.

"Nuriko! When did you get here?!?"

"Nice to see you, too, Tasuki. Good morning, Tamahome, did you sleep well?" Nuriko answered.

Nuriko, the strongest of the seven Seishi, smiled as he held Tasuki up in the air with one hand and held Tamahome up with the other. He was glad he came just in time to stop another of the famous "Tasuki-Tamahome" arguments. Hotohori-sama wouldn't have been

pleased.

"Yes, thank you. Can I get down now?" came Tamahome's reply.

"Dammit, Nuriko! Let me go!" a struggling Tasuki shouted.

"We have to get going. Hotohori-sama wants us to see him at breakfast," he informed them in a business-like tone. Being one of the Emperor's closest friends had its advantages.

"By the way, have any of you seen Miaka?" Nuriko asked.

Tamahome felt a flash of uneasiness at the mention of Miaka's name.

"I've been to her room a while ago. She wasn't there, so I assumed she was with you." Tamahome answered.

"Funny... Hotohori-sama said the very same thing. He's been looking for her since the sun came up because he wants to talk to her about the legendary amulet that might help us summon Suzaku." Nuriko said thoughtfully, his eyebrows raised.

This was very unusual indeed. Miaka was seldom alone. Given her cheerful disposition, she usually preferred having some company around rather than be all by herself.

Just then, Chichiri came running out of the corner. His face was contorted with fear and panic as he announced.

"The castle's in an uproar! Miaka is missing!!"

* * *

"How can she be missing?!? I just saw her to her room last night!! Are you sure your soldiers are looking hard enough, Hotohori?" Tamahome demanded hotly as white fury ran through his veins.

He couldn't believe this was happening! It was just as he feared... the minute he turned his back, Miaka was reduced to a helpless creature who couldn't even defend herself.

Hotohori gave him an intent look and decided to forgive Tamahome for challenging him like that. He knew his friend needed utmost understanding right now because the only girl he had ever cared for suddenly vanished without a trace.

"They're doing their best, Tamahome," Hotohori said in an attempt to ease him.

"Maybe she was captured by Nakago's men sometime during the night," Chiriko suggested helpfully, unintentionally speaking out what the others most feared.

Chichiri shook his head vehemently from where he sat near the window. "She's gone farther away than that... I can't feel her chi, no da."

"Either that, or Nakago must be blocking off your powers with his

own," Nuriko pointed out, pacing worriedly just behind Hotohori's chair.

"Damn that Nakago! I say we go there and find out by OURSELVES." Tasuki stood up abruptly and held out his fan, itching to do battle.

"A bloody battle will do no good," Mitsukake said.

Soon enough, the whole room was vibrating with various shouted ideas on how to rescue Miaka.

Hotohori hit the table with a resounding thud to get their attention.

"Wherever Miaka may be, we must all remember one thing: Nakago is never to know that she is missing. Once he finds out, Konan is finished. We won't stand a chance against Nakago and his men, especially now that our priestess is gone. There'll be no way to summon Suzaku."

"I'll issue out a decree that not a word about this should escape the castle walls. Otherwise, the risk will be too high," he went on.

Tamahome held up a hand and said solemnly, "Hotohori-sama, please allow me to search for Miaka on my own. I promise to be discreet and to take utmost care."

Hotohori nodded his permission. "Before you do, search the entire Konan before you search the outskirts of our territory. She could be somewhere there."

Tamahome was out of the door in the next second, running as if his very life depended on it.

Nuriko coughed noisily to break the sudden silence that descended on the room. "What do we do now?" he asked. They couldn't go on a search of their own and maintain secrecy at the same time. Soon enough, their tasks would raise suspicions all over town.

"We ask for a decoy," Hotohori stated simply.

"Excuse me?" Chiriko said, dumbstruck.

Hotohori leaned back on his chair and rubbed his chin pensively. "A decoy... another girl from Miaka's world. If we're to deceive Nakago, we'll need another girl of Miaka's upbringing... and more."

The rest of the five Seishis stared at Hotohori with the most disbelieving expressions in their faces. They were all wondering if perhaps their young emperor lost his mind sometime between the discovery of Miaka's disappearance and now... Considering he himself loved the priestess, such a possibility couldn't be ruled out.

Just then, a mysterious voice filled the room, speaking but three words.

"It is time..."

* * *

< Nerima, Japan >

The bright morning sun streamed through the wide windows of Fuurinkan High's school library as the whole junior class busied themselves with their respective research projects. Study period had never been spent this wisely before, but since a good project grade ensured an examination exemption, the students had decided to be smart and grab the chance as it passed by.

In the farthest corner of the library, where the sunlight was weak and the air was filled with dust, stood a girl with short blue-black hair and angry eyes. She was infuriated beyond belief that the teacher would assigned such a hard topic for her to work on. Hell... she wasn't even sure if their library had the book she was looking for or not! Old legends, indeed!

Mumbling all the while about legendary weirdoes that she didn't really care a thing for, Akane Tendou went on tiptoes and reached for the hard-bound book she spotted on the topmost shelf. It was very dusty, and the pages were obviously yellowing with age, but from where she stood, she could make out the words "universe" and "gods" on the cover. Judging from its title, it was pretty safe to say that the book contained something about legends.

Her fingers inched closer and closer to the book, until finally, she felt it against her fingertips. With a soft grunt, she tugged hard.

The book came tumbling down, landing noisily on the floor. Along with it, Akane thought she heard the distant sound of wings flapping.

She took a glance around the place as if to make sure. She wouldn't have been surprised if she saw a bird behind her. Seeing nothing, she bent down to retrieve the book and blew the dust away for good measure.

Just then, she heard a suspiciously familiar voice a couple of aisles away.

"Oh, Ryoga darling... I miss you so much! Why did you leave me?"

Akane's eyes narrowed into thin slits as she got closer to the voice. A few steps more and the culprit came into view.

"Leave you? I'm sorry, but I don't even remember you... you must be ahh... mistaken... Is this the Tendo house?" Ryoga said as he backed away, eventually trapping himself against the bookcase.

The voice spoke up again, her tone positively sobbing. "But Ryoga... I'm your fiancée!... I've been following you everywhere because I need you so..." the girl, dressed in the blue-green and white Fuurinkan uniform, held Ryoga tightly in a passionate embrace, her abundant breasts pressing against his chest.

Instantly, Ryoga's nose bled and he fainted in front of her causing the books behind him to crashed down on top of him.

Akane's temper exploded along with it. "Ranma! You pervert!!!"

"What!?! " Ranma exclaimed, turning at the sound of Akane's voice. A hard-bound book hit her head as she turned, however, formed a huge rock-sized lump amidst her red tresses.

The book fell again, flipping open to a particular page as if directed to do so.

"Akane, you fool! You ruined my plan!" Ranma said, exasperated. She reached for the book and heard some wings flapping. She twisted around to see what it was, but before she could move, a red light flashed into her eyes and enveloped her body.

"What the..." Ranma said.

Then a strange voice filled her mind, "It is time..."

In the next minute, an eerie silence filled the library.

Ranma Saotome was gone.

2. Default Chapter Title

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Fushigi Mizu (Chapter 2)
> by: Rani<p>

The bright light quickly disappeared and everyone was left speechless. All of them were dumbfounded and shocked at the turn of events. Instantly, everyone started to talk about the event which had just happened as all of them made their own conclusions.

"Maybe it's a UFO."

"A UFO?"

"I think it was another one of the science club's experiments."

"Didn't Miss Hinako suck their energy because they tried to use her for their experiment?"

"It must be one of those plots the principal has to have our hair cut."

"The principal is in Hawaii now, vacationing as usual. Hey! I heard that Tatewaki was to take his place..."

Everyone was excited to tell their friends the events that happened

in the library. By the time the lunch bell rang, everyone was out of the library.

Except Akane. She was still looking for Ranma, wanting to give her a piece of her mind, not to mention her mallet for teasing Ryoga. The poor boy already had enough problems on his mind and Ranma was adding to them with her tricks and disguises.

"Ranma! Where are you?" Akane whispered furiously.

Akane didn't hear any reply and she began to search around the aisles and on top of the bookshelves but she couldn't find Ranma at all.

"That's strange, I know Ranma was here with me before the incident happened," Akane thought. She started to get worried. Something might have happened to Ranma. She remembered the way Ranma had suddenly disappeared as she was hit by the book.

"Akane! You are getting paranoid! She must have ran away and hid somewhere," Akane consoled herself. "I'll find her and she'll get it! That pervert!" she muttered as she began to pick her things up. She was going to be late for lunch.

But as she reached for the door, she remembered the book that she had thrown at Ranma. "The book! I need that for my project!" Akane said as she ran back to retrieve it. Akane retraced her steps, and found the book on the floor. It was lying exactly where Ranma had been standing when she'd been hit by it. She picked the book up.

"The Universe of the Four Gods... Strange! It looks brand new," Akane said as she examined the book.

Akane was about to open the book when the bell rang, signaling that lunch time was over. She could hear the sound of the students returning back to their classrooms.

"Great! I haven't eaten yet and I'm late for my class already! Ranma! You'll be sorry when I'm done with you!" Akane silently swore and placed the book with her things. She ran as fast as she could, not to miss her next class.

"I wonder where Ryoga is?" Akane thought. She knew that Ryoga was with Ranma before the whole incident happened.

Somewhere, still in the library, a pile of books moved. Suddenly, a boy with a yellow bandana burst out of it. He looked very, very furious. "Ranma! Where are you? Fight me like a man!" Ryoga shouted as he searched for Ranma.

"You are going to pay for insulting me!" he added. He brashed through the wall.

"Another one of them, Flo," the janitor said. They watched the scene.

"Kids today don't have respect for the library!" the librarian answered.

* * *

In the depths of the mystical forest, Taiitsu-kun could hear a shout coming down from the sky. It went on for a few more minutes; then, she heard the shout end with a loud thud.

"It is done," Taiitsu-kun announced.

In the enchanted mirror, she could see a girl landed in the desert. She had red hair and blue eyes.

"She is here," She said softly.

Her mirror emitted a bright red light.

* * *

"Stupid tomboy! How come she always has such bad timing? " Ranma complained, as she rubbed her sore head.

Standing up to ease her muscles, she felt strangely drained like she just had an argument with Akane, trying to convince her that she doesn't have any affair with Shampoo or Ukyo.

A strong current of air rushed past Ranma and swept her hair and skirt. It was strange; there was no window on the back of the library. Ranma lifted her head, and realized that this was not the library.

"Where am I?" Ranma wondered.

There was no sight of books or classmates in front of her. Instead, all she saw were acres and acres of sand surrounding her.

"This isn't the library! This is a desert!" Ranma exclaimed.

Ranma's eyes grew wide open. "Desert? What am I doing in here?" She thought as her body went numb. Her heart stopped beating for a second. "Oh God! I am in the desert!" Ranma started to freak out.

"What am I doing here? How did I get here?" Ranma asked herself, concentrating to remember the things that happened before she was brought here. I was teasing Ryoga. Akane saw us and got angry. She had a book in her hand. She threw it at me. The book opened on a certain page. I picked up the book...

Suddenly, the pieces fell into place. "It's the book!" Ranma realized. "Hahaha! I am in a book! I was actually sucked in by a book!" Ranma said while she laughed. Her laughter suddenly changed into a groan. "I've been sucked into a book! What am I thinking?" she moaned. Looking around the place, Ranma couldn't explain it but she felt as if she'd come home. Like she had been here before; as if she had been born here.

That thought, however, was interrupted by the sound of horse's hooves. Ranma looked around to find where the sound was coming from, and saw a small wagon coming towards her. The wagon stopped when it reached Ranma. She looked up to see an old woman driving it.

Ranma was a little surprised that an old woman could handle a wagon

with seven horses tied to it. Yet there was something familiar about the woman's gray hair and blue eyes. Images of a woman calling her came into her mind.

"Reigen! Reigen! Come here my child!"

Ranma quickly shook all of her thoughts away when she realized that the old woman was talking to her.

"Could you please repeat what you said?" Ranma asked.

The old woman didn't look angry when Ranma asked her to repeat her question. She looked as if she knew the reason why.

"I asked if you were lost," the old woman answered.

Ranma was thinking. Maybe if she could find a town, she might get some answers why she was here and at the same time find a way to get home. This place was giving her the creeps. It was all too real to her.

"Yes, Could you take me to the nearest town?" Ranma asked.

"Eiyou?" the old woman asked.

"Yes, Eiyou," Ranma answered "Wherever that is anyway." she silently added to herself.

The woman was silent for a moment before she agreed. But she could only take her to the outskirts of the town. She mentioned.

Ranma agreed. There she reasoned, she could walk until she reached the town and fix this mess she got herself into as soon as possible.

Ranma climbed up inside the wagon. She saw lots of food, a small cot and clothes inside. Because of the events that had happened, Ranma forgot her tiredness and hunger.

The old woman, noticing Ranma's tired and hungry condition, told her that she should have some food, take some new clothes and get some rest.

Ranma thanked the woman, and gladly ate the offered food and changed into a new set of clothes. Since there was only one set of clothes, she didn't have a choice to choose. She examined herself after she changed. The pants and shirt looked like a uniform of some kind of soldier, but she didn't care, as long as she was able to get out of the Fuurinkan uniform. The soldier's uniform was surely made for a man. It hung loosely on her, hiding her curvaceous body. It made her look more like a boy than a girl. Ranma hid her hair with a piece of cloth, as her gleaming red tresses was very unusual and she didn't want to attract any attention.

Satisfied with her appearance, she decided to take a little nap. Once she lay down on the small cot, she fell asleep quickly.

The old woman driving the wagon smiled. It was a long time since she had seen Ranma. She knew that Ranma would face a lot of obstacles before reaching her destiny. "Sleep well, my child. You still have a

long way to go," the old woman whispered softly.

* * *

Tamahome was tired. He had been searching for Miaka for days but still there was no sign of her. He was already thinking that she had been returned to her world by Taiitsu-kun. Tamahome disregarded the thought quickly. It was impossible. Miaka was the Sazuka no Miko. She was the only one capable to summon Suzaku. Everyone knew that, even Miaka herself.

It was already nightfall and Tamahome decided to sleep underneath a big tree. He decided that he'd continue his search early the next morning. As he settled into his sleep, he could not remove the worry and fear he felt in his heart. "Miaka..." Tamahome whispered sadly.

Tamahome had never loved any girl more than her. Her mere voice could make Tamahome forget all about his problems and fears. Everything about her was perfect. Her brown hair shone brightly in the sun, her eyes that were like mirrors to her soul, her face that was so beautiful and sweet, her slim body and cute smile. Everything.

Tamahome could still remember the last time they had talked. It was under the moon and the stars. Her ideals, passion and commitment to Konan's security made Tamahome love her even more, if that was possible.

Never had he seen a girl so selfless as Miaka. She put her safety and life on the line just for a country she had little knowledge of.

Their last kiss still lingered on Tamahome's lips. The sweetness and coolness of it, sealing their love forever.

"I'll get you back, Miaka," Tamahome promised before he closed his eyes.

* * *

The old woman reached the outskirts of Konan by night time. She woke Ranma who was still asleep on the cot. Ranma was first surprised but then remembered her situation quickly and climbed down out of the wagon.

"Just follow that path and you should reach the town in no time," the old woman said.

Ranma thanked the old woman for her kindness and started to travel down the path the old woman had pointed out.

The old woman watched Ranma walk away and whispered softly, "Take care of her for me, Taiitsu-kun. She is the key to everything."

* * *

Ranma walked for a mile before fatigue wore on her. She still felt tired even after the short nap she had. Satisfied at the progress she had made, she decided to sleep underneath a nearby tree. Then she

would continue her journey to the town the next morning.

As soon as Ranma found a suitable resting place, she plopped down and in a short while, she was already snoring. Unaware of a person asleep beside her...

* * *

The bright rays of the sun and the sound of birds woke Ranma up. Still half-asleep, Ranma tried to go back to sleep when she felt oddly warm. Since the air was still cold despite of the sun, she wiggled closer, wanting more of the warmth.

Ranma noticed that her cheeks touched something broad. It felt hard and warm. Her nose inhaled the scent. It smelled like sweat and musk. Although Ranma was still half-asleep, she couldn't stop herself from enjoying the smell.

At that moment, Tamahome was dreaming that he was holding Miaka. He noticed that Miaka's front seemed a lot bigger and softer, and she smelled of roses, not jasmine. But he didn't care as long as Miaka was with him.

"Miaka..." Tamahome moaned.

At the sound of a man's voice, Ranma woke up completely. Her eyes shot wide open and she saw a blue-haired guy holding her in his arms. "You jerk!" Ranma shouted.

Tamahome's eyes opened just in time to see a hand punching him. It didn't hurt him much but it was enough to wake him fully. He saw a man wearing uniform of a Kutou soldier.

"An enemy!" Tamahome realized. Wondering what a Kotou soldier would be doing here, Tamahome suddenly remembered Chiriko's presumption. "Chiriko is right! Miaka must have been kidnapped by Nakago's men!"

Tamahome's anger was sparked. Believing that Miaka was in Nakago's possession seemed to increase his anger. He wasn't angry; he was furious.

And the thought that the soldier had punched him made him angrier. He wanted to beat the hell out of this soldier.

The ogre on Tamahome's forehead flared up. It increased his strength and power ten times. He was ready to kick ass.

Ranma's anger had the same intensity as Tamahome's. How dare he do that to her! She was a guy! No man had ever gotten that close to Ranma. Even Mikado who was the one to kiss her hadn't stood a chance. He had gotten what he deserved.

Ranma knew that it wasn't the real reason why she was furious. It was the fact that she had rather enjoyed it which made her feel bitter and angry.

Ranma was about to call him a pervert when he attacked her. Caught by surprised, Ranma fell down.

"You are a weakling," Tamahome said as he looked down on his enemy.

Ranma was pissed off by the man's haughtiness. She wanted to teach him a lesson. She used her chestnut fist to attack him.

This surprised Tamahome. He was able to counter almost all of the punches but he felt pain around his midsection. Tamahome fell down on his knees in pain.

"You are a weakling," Ranma said, her eyes twinkling. It was her turn to tease Tamahome.

Tamahome never considered defeat. He stood up, his dark blue eyes focusing on her blue ones, and told her "Release Miaka, or else you will die, enemy!" Tamahome warned. His ogre character flared up more.

"Who is Miaka? I don't know her!" Ranma answered. She realized now that their reasons for fighting were different from one another.

"Don't play games with me, Kotou soldier! I am prepared to kill you for Miaka! Give her back!" Tamahome said. He was serious.

"Arghhh!" Tamahome shouted, releasing punches that were less in number than Ranma but strong enough to destroy a tree behind Ranma.

"He's good. Better than pig-boy," Ranma thought, amazed at the jerk's strength.

Ranma dodged each attack with ease but that didn't stop the worry she had in her heart. She didn't want to fight him, but he had to pay for what he had done to her: hugging her as though she were his girlfriend and calling her a weakling.

The jerk stopped throwing punches at her. She knew that he was tired as much as she was.

"Give her back to me! Tell Nakago that I'll be your captive; just don't hurt her!" Tamahome said. His blue eyes looked deeply into hers.

Ranma felt that he wasn't an enemy at all. She didn't want to fight him anymore, so she decided to leave him. She needed a diversion and she knew what to do.

She collected all of her energy into a chi ball. Once she was satisfied with its size, she released it to distract him and give her time to escape.

Tamahome was able to dodge the ball and saw the soldier run off to Eiyuu. Tamahome didn't give up easily. He followed the soldier. "Come back here!" Tamahome shouted.

* * *

Taiitsu-kun saw everything from her enchanted mirror. She shook her head in disappointment.

"Must I do all the work?"

It looked like she'd have to show up in Konan again.

3. Default Chapter Title

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Fushigi Mizu Chapter 3a
> by: Dy<p>

"Damn, it's hot!"Ranma muttered.

Her back pressed closely against the wall, her lithe, sweat-drenched body crouched down near the parked food wagon, Ranma wiped the sweat from her brow and began crawling on all fours.

It wasn't really her style to hide from anyone like this, but she was left with no other choice. That conceited pervert she had the misfortune of "sleeping with" was still after her. They went all around town in a wild chase that Ranma started, but now, she was getting tired and hungry. Definitely hungry! She was so famished that even the thought of Akane's cooking made her mouth water.

"Time- traveling... or rather, book- travelling , if there is such a term, sure could make one feel and think weird. Besides, it was almost 24 hours since the last time I ate!" Ranma thought as she continued crawling . Those two reasons alone were more than enough to justify her confused emotions.

Finally reaching the end of the wall, Ranma stopped crawling and peered cautiously around the corner. First, she looked to her left and then to her right. The coast seemed clear enough... no blue haired freak waiting on her was visible from her point of view. Straightening up, she hesitantly put her foot out and stepped out of her hiding place.

"Still no sign of him," Ranma felt her muscles start to relax.

Feeling safer and more relaxed by the minute, Ranma began walking down the street, her blue eyes taking in the unfamiliar surroundings. She appeared to be in the town proper, with all the people milling about the place, pausing at one store or the next. Some of the men gave Ranma appraising, and even suspicious looks.

"Probably because of the clothes I am wearing," Ranma thought. She vowed to change as soon as she had eaten and then find a different set of clothing. Right now, she was way too hungry to consider her appearance to be a threat to the people around her.

"What can they do? Send a group of fighters to capture me?" Ranma

snorted at the idea.

As she passed by the numerous stores, her nose caught the unmistakable aroma of freshly cooked food.

"Fresh baked bread... roasted chicken... shrimp dumplings... noodle soup..." Ranma mumbled.

Ranma's stomach rumbled loudly in response.

Without further ado, Ranma made her way to the nearest restaurant. As her eyes adjusted to the dim interior of the place, she realized immediately that it was a far cry from the restaurants that where she used to go eat.

The chairs were composed solely of wooden benches, durable rather than comfortable. The tables were all wooden as well, cut and shaped crudely to different sizes to accomodate varying numbers of customers. The lighting depended only on the sunlight that streamed through the open windows and the few lamps that were hanging from the low- beamed ceiling.

Not minding the ancient setting in the least, Ranma quickly headed towards the counter area and waved her hand eagerly at the man standing behind it, attracting his attention.

"Hey mister! What do you have to eat?" She called loudly.

"Good Morning..." The restaurant owner began to greet, but hesitated on recognizing the uniform of the customer. Since the customer looked very hungry and probably would pay for his meal, he decided to entertain the soldier.

"Please sit down and relax. I will be with you in a minute," The owner answered, giving the soldier a friendly smile.

Ranma gave an indifferent shrug, acting as if she had all the time in the world, but deep inside, her stomach was crying to be fed.

"Uhh...sure," Ranma said.

The man beckoned with his hand, and a young waiter came to answer the summon.

"Here... bring this to the man at the back. Don't do anything to irritate him, you hear? He's in a dark mood, and you wouldn't want to mess with one of the Emperor's Seishi do you?" The owner warned as he pushed a tray loaded with food at the wide- eyed waiter.

Ranma heard this and looked over her shoulder curiously. There were only a few people in the restaurant, so it was easy enough to tell who they were refering to was. Even from this distance, Ranma could see stiffness in the way he held his broad shoulders, frustration in every movement.

And then the man slightly turned his face to his side, revealing his profile.

Ranma almost groaned aloud.

"Not him again!" She muttered after a short curse.

"Of all luck! It's the walking weirdo who followed me everywhere! So he was the Emperor's Seishi, was he?" Ranma thought, a devious smile formed on her lips as a plan to get back at the jerk began to form in her mind.

"Are you okay Sir?" The owner asked, scared at the thought that the customer might do something to create a havoc in his restaurant because of the nasty smile on the soldier's face.

Ranma focused her thoughts back to the man behind the counter and nodded vigorously.

"Actually, yeah... I'm okay. Bring me the house's special, will you? And the roasted chicken I smelled a minute ago... and lotsa noodles, if you have them... and bread! Don't forget the bread!" Ranma ordered.

The owner chuckled at Ranma's enthusiasm. He thought about how much food the soldier ordered and he relaxed, no longer wary of the soldier.

"And some tea, I presume. Sir?" The owner suggested.

He beckoned with his hand to call the young waiter from the kitchen to come to him.

"Tell the cook to prepare today's special, the roasted chicken and the noodles! Quickly!" The owner whispered.

"Tea will be fine," Ranma answered with a big grin on her face.

"Oh, yes... revenge is sweet." she thought. She could hardly keep herself from laughing out loud. It wasn't her fault, anyway. The jerk practically begged for it!

When the owner left Ranma alone, she dropped again on all fours, a position she realized had its advantages after all. Ranma began a slow and steady crawl towards the chair just behind the blue haired pervert. Besides the fact that "that" seat was the most strategic and convenient one in the whole place, Ranma knew that she could do a bit of spying from there, as well. Who knew what the pervert might say when depressed.

As Ranma came closer and closer to her objective, she could feel her heart beating faster and faster. She saw that his muscles were tensed as if he carried the world's problems on his shoulders. Ranma had the most weirdest urge to stand up, forget her plot and give him a soothing massage, one that she used to do to her father after she was satisfied after she had beaten the hell out of him. If she really, really felt sorry for him.

"What in the world am I thinking? He is my enemy!" Ranma thought, giving herself a mental shake.

Crawling more determinedly, she continued on with her plan. Some of the customers stared at her curiously, but she ignored them.

Finally when she reached the chair she was aiming for. She gripped its edge and slowly leveled herself upright. As she sat down noiselessly, her back directly opposite the jerk's. Every now and then, she would glance at him to make sure that he was still there.

Ranma's food finally arrived, filling the wide table to near overflowing it. She forgot her vengeance temporarily and concentrated on the delectable dishes on her table. Plate by plate, she wolfed down everything as if she had not eaten in her entire life. If there was one thing she could rely in her bizarre situation, it was the food. Maybe it was because of her hunger, but Ranma firmly believed that she had never tasted anything so good before in her young life. Not only was the food tasty, but very fresh and healthy as well.

As Ranma was finishing her last plate of noodles, she heard the jerk behind her shift restlessly and give out a very soft sigh.

At the sound of the sigh Ranma felt her heart beat a little fast. Angered at her sudden reaction, she gave herself a silent reprimand and strained her ears closer to the jerk to listen.

"Dammit! Where could she have gone to?" Tamahome said as he ran a hand thru his hair. Then he cupped his chin in his hand, staring out the windows as if he was looking and waiting for someone.

"She? Who the heck is 'she'? Could he be actually referring to her?" Ranma worried over this as she chewed her food. Almost absently, she pushed the finished bowl away and made a ninety degrees turn on her chair. She could now see and hear the seishi more clearly.

"It must be Nakago! He's holding her captive to render us helpless. The coward!" Tamahome continued, muttering.

"Nakago? I remembered it when he was pleading to me." Ranma wondered maybe if he could help her get back to her own world. Feeling a little restless herself, she squirmed in her seat again until she was looking straight at Tamahome's nape. He was massaging it to ease his growing tension.

She peeked over his shoulder and saw his untouched food. He was just picking at it, pushing it around his plate this way and that. Ranma couldn't resist clucking dissaprovingly under her breath. Living the life of a wanderer before she came to the Tendo Dojo, she knew how hard it was to find good food. She had already done everything one could think of to have a full belly, from getting engaged to fighting Amazons, so the mere thought of them going to waste sent her temper soaring.

In her next breath, Ranma launched a revised version of her Chestnuts fist technique. With unbelievable speed, her hand flew to and fro, using the chopsticks to pile all of the jerk's food from his bowl to hers. Scant seconds later, Ranma plopped back down to her seat and began to eat again. One by one, the dumplings vanished into Ranma's mouth.

As for Tamahome, he never noticed a thing. He was still too busy thinking about Miaka. The desolation he was feeling over the loss of her was threatening to overwhelm him entirely, but he wouldn't give up. He hadn't failed her before, and he was not about to start now.

He loved her, and had vowed to protect her with all his might.

For what seemed to be the umpteenth time that day, Tamahome wished again that Miaka was a lot stronger than she actually was. If that had been the case, then he wouldn't have been this afraid.

As he went on pushing and poking his chopsticks around the bowl, his ears slowly became aware of the hollow and empty sound the two objects made. Wherever the sticks landed, it met pure porcelain bowl and nothing else.

Snapping out of his reverie, he gazed down at his spotless bowl and gaped.

"Had I eaten that much already?" Tamahome wondered as he glanced at each plate on his table. Not one scrap of food was left.

He turned his head to call on a waiter, but ended up gaping wider instead. There, right before his very eyes, was the Kotou soldier he'd been searching for all morning. He evaded Tamahome so effortlessly that the latter was ready to give up and resume his extensive search for Miaka. Yet now, here he was, meeting Tamahome's stare with a smugness he found infinitely annoying.

Ranma stood up, laying her chopsticks and bowl on the table as coolly as she could. She knew that she was irritating the hell out of the pervert, but never once did she think of stopping. In fact, she was having this urge to do more. She just couldn't help enjoying his obvious discomfort.

Being deliberately vexatious, Ranma chewed the last dumpling noisily.

"Thanks a lot for the dumplings, you pervert. I really liked it, but next time, get me shrimp." Ranma said.

Then with an infuriating wink, Ranma ruffled Tamahome's hair and sauntered off towards the counter.

It took Tamahome a while to get over his shock, and a little while longer to decipher his words. By the time he finally did, the Kotou soldier was already talking with the owner behind the counter. From the doubtful expression on the man's face and the expressive gestures of the soldier's hands, Tamahome knew that this was one opportunity he couldn't pass up. In his distracted state, the soldier would surely be easy to catch.

Tamahome pushed his chair back and quickly made his way towards the counter. He tried to make his way towards the counter. Trying to approach silently to avoid the soldier's eyes, but to no avail. No sooner, had he come into six feet of the soldier's proximity did the latter bid a quick goodbye and rushed out of the door.

Tamahome started to run after him as he did all morning, but a firm grasp on his arm stopped him. Highly exasperated, he turned to the owner behind the counter.

"What?" Tamahome demanded.

The man shrugged. "Pay up, Sir. You wouldn't want the Emperor's name

to be stained by having a thief for a Seishi, do you?" He thrust a piece of paper in Tamahome's hand.

"What the hell!" Tamahome exclaimed after scanning thru the receipt presented to him. "I didn't eat all of this! In fact, I hardly ate anything at all!" He continued as he crunched up the paper in his hand, then threw it away.

The owner refused to let Tamahome go. He pointed his fingers to the door instead, obviously getting pissed, as well.

"The one who just left said that you were a "generous" friend who would gladly pay his bills. I was stupid enough to let him go, but I won't repeat the same mistake. Now pay up if you don't want the Emperor to hear about this!"

4. Default Chapter Title

Thanks to our pre-readers : Lord Talon, Seratia, Kahlil Noriega, Ronald Chan and Reispirit

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Chapter 3b

> by: Dy <p>

Just outside the door, Ranma snickered with demonic glee as she watched the jerk lay out the gold coins from his small money bag. Truth be told, she didn't do it to spite the Seishi, she simply didn't have the money to pay for her food. Besides, even if she did have some cash, she knew that the people in this lifetime would not recognize it for what it was.

Clasping her hand behind her, she walked to the street and began to hum a catchy tune. This time, she needed to search for clothes. Something more comfortable, maybe, and presentable, so that she'd look just fine when she met this Nakago guy. The stupid Seishi were obviously an enemy of this Nakago, and that being the case, she was pretty convinced that this Nakago guy must be an angel of some sort.

"Wha...?" Ranma shouted in surprise as she felt someone sneaked up behind her.

"Oh, no... you are not going anywhere this time," A vice- like grip circled Ranma's wrist and pulled her to a stop.

"I'm bringing you to the palace now. You've caused enough problems already, and I can't spare the time for anymore..."

Ranma tried to hide her surprise at the Seishi's arrival. She didn't even hear him coming. Maybe there was something about this guy, after all..., She realized that it was foolish to underestimate him.

"Don't you ever give up? I still have things to do, you know," she

snapped, tugging hard at her hand.

"No, I don't, can't and won't give up as long as there's a cause worth fighting for. I do have a sense of HONOR, after all, unlike somebody here I know. I guess you wouldn't understand what I'm trying to say since you are a weakling at heart. You gave up before the fight even begun... What a loser!" Tamahome said in pure disgust as he continued to lead her throughout the streets, his grasp not relaxing. He didn't even spare her a glance through out his whole tirade as if he couldn't stand the sight of her.

"I am not a loser! I've beaten you twice in a row in case you forgot or are you too stupid to remember that!" Ranma retorted. This guy was pissing her off.

"You didn't beat me! You tricked me!" Tamahome corrected. Still holding the thrashing Ranma.

"You are just too cowardly to admit it!" Ranma said. "You are worse than Ryoga! You're pigheaded and a jerk!" she continued.

"Listen boy, I have been punched in the face, blasted at, tricked into paying for food I did not order, oh let's not forget the fact that you not only tricked me into paying for you're meal you also stole mine on top of that, but the worse thing of all is I've had to stop searching for Miaka because of you. Have at least the decency to accept your mistakes and quietly go with me," Tamahome said, tightening his grip on Ranma more.

Ranma braced her legs against the ground and refused to be moved another inch. It was one thing to be mistreated, yet another altogether to be insulted. Either way, she wasn't going to stand for this slander any longer.

"Hey! There's a limit to everything, jerk! And I've just about had enough of you. If you really want to fight me so badly, why don't you just come out and say so!" She challenged him, giving the guy a hard shove. His hold loosened considerably.

"Don't try me, Soldier! Not when I'm in this mood. I may not be able to control myself," Tamahome warned, still trying his best to ignore the Kotou soldier's presence. He couldn't afford anymore distractions that might further delay his search of Miaka.

"You're not even half a man," Tamahome snorted.

Ranma's anger flared more at this uncouth remark. The stupid Seishi might not be aware of it, but she was stuck in one tough dilemma too. The only thing she wanted was to find someone, anyone who could help her find her way home, thus all the trouble she went through to know his ways. From what she had seen, this Seishi was brave, loyal and undeniably responsible. He was even compassionate in dealing with others, but Ranma's friendly intentions towards him vanished in a snap. What he was implying of her was far beyond what she could take. Maybe the times Akane called her a pervert and a jerk could only bruise her ego, but calling her a loser, weakling at heart and less of a man was just too much.

"Maybe you're just a girl," Tamahome added.

"That's it!" Ranma thought as she was consumed by rage.

"Don't do me any favors! Let's fight now! I can't wait to beat the bloody hell out of you!" Ranma quickly delivered a head-ringing uppercut, her fist connecting solidly with Tamahome's jaw.

As Tamahome staggered, partly in surprise, Ranma jumped back to put some distance between them. She wanted to play with the Seishi first, to prolong his embarrassment, before finishing the fight.

Tamahome's oni was glowing a fierce red as he faced Ranma. He lunged forward to give an answering punch and more, but Ranma was able to dodge all of his attempts with a speed Tamahome found unbelievable.

With a swiftness that was quite amazing, as well, Tamahome turned partially around and launched a kick this time, intending to hit Ranma square on the face. Unfortunately, he hit pure air instead.

Stunned, he quickly looked left and right. His opponent was nowhere to be found! The Kotou soldier couldn't have gone down since the ground was there, so that left only one option.

Tamahome looked up.

"Kachuu Tenshin Amaguriken!" Ranma shouted as she descended upon him.

He couldn't have turned at a more opportune moment. As his eyes met Ranma's, she began moving her fists in a succession of blows Tamahome saw only as a blur. But he sure felt it... on his chest and midsection, he felt the powerful attacks as the air left his lungs in a whoosh.

He reeled again, almost crouching down on the ground this time, and his vision was clouding up just a little bit. As he blinked, he saw the Kotou soldier gathering a bright and deadly looking chi ball in his hand. Even in his sorry state, Tamahome applauded Nakago. It would seem that the latter finally found the perfect soldier for his army.

"So who is more "manly" this time?" Ranma snorted.

Just then, the thunder of horses' hooves reached his ears.

"Stop that at once! We come in the name of the Emperor!"

"Seize that Kutou soldier!"

"Tamahome, are you alright?"

"Hah! Look's like he beat your ass, huh Tama!"

Tamahome looked up to see Nuriko and Tasuki heading his way.

"What are you two doing here?" He asked, although it came out more as a groan. He had never felt so drained before in his life!

"We came to look for you. Hotohori-sama was getting worried because

you took so long to report back," Nuriko answered, helping Tamahome to his feet.

"How do you feel?" Tasuki asked with feigned concern. Seeing Tamahome disgruntled like this, especially when it was his pride that was damaged, gave Tasuki this undeniable urge to tease him more. It was a rare opportunity, after all.

Tamahome's response was drowned out by Ranma's sudden shrieking.

"Let us handle this," Nuriko said, signaling Tasuki to join him.

"No, don't go near him," Tamahome warned, clutching the sleeves of his friends.

"Why don't you want me to? I don't need any help to beat the hell out of someone like him," Tasuki said, slightly irritated at his friend's lack of faith in his ability.

"Just wait and see," Tamahome said.

"Don't you dare touch me, you perverts! You're not going to bring me anywhere!" She raged, fending off the soldiers' attempt to capture her with strong punches and kicks.

Not one listened to her warning, after the kicks and punches they received, all of them still continued to attack her. Well, they had asked for it...

Ranma concentrated hard, she could feel her body turning bright blue, once she had collected enough of her chi, she felt very sorry to those who were going to receive it.

"Moko Takabisha!" Ranma shouted, unleashing her chi. Before any of the soldier could shout or run, they were thrown away all over town, the stores and streets were badly injured.

Tasuki's mouth hung open while Nuriko was able to control his. They hated to admit it, but Tamahome's warning saved them from possible death.

The only ones left were Ranma, Nuriko, Tasuki and the injured Tamahome. The rest of the soldiers were lying somewhere in the vicinity of the town, still unconscious.

Tasuki gripped his fan very hard. He wanted to fight and test the soldier. It was about time that someone was capable of fighting Tasuki for real.

"Tasuki, don't do it," Nuriko warned, his observance of the soldier's power and skill told him that he was very capable to doing damage to a person to the point of death if he was furious.

"What can we do? We can't just let him get away!" Tasuki said.

Nuriko was contemplating a way to capture the soldier without further damaging the town or them. In a matter of few minutes, he thought of

a way.

"We come in peace!" Nuriko shouted.

"We're not going to harm you!" Tasuki added, though deep inside, he still wanted to challenge the soldier.

"Yeah, right! I don't believe you guys at all!" Ranma replied, her anger was still focused at the one lying behind them.

"We just want to ask you some questions," Nuriko said.

"No way! I'm going back to Japan!" Ranma said, turning her back to them.

"Japan? That's impossible!" Tasuki said.

Ranma chose to ignore Tasuki's reply but before she completely walked away, she faced Tamahome one more time.

"Oh and by the way, I was able to beat you three times, that makes you the loser!"

Just as Ranma made her exit, a very, very huge boulder fell out of the sky from nowhere, hitting her squarely on the head. She collapsed then, knocked out and totally dead to the world.

"What in the hell did that huge boulder came from?" Tasuki wondered.

Nuriko ran over to check if the soldier was still alive. The cloth that held the soldier's hair was removed, his violet eyes widened in shock as he observed the soldier more closely...

Tamahome's opponent was a woman!

* * *

"I'm sorry but it was the only way..." Taiitsu- kun said.

She was still guilty at what she had done to her and at the same time was also amazed by her fighting skills.

"Who in the world trained her? The demon himself?" Taiitsu- kun wondered.

But Taiitsu- kun knew that her question wasn't very important right now, she had found the key and she was the only one capable of saving them.

Her own great-niece, Reigen.

5. Default Chapter Title

Hello! As usual, C&Cs are welcome and no flames please! I know that is very, very, short but I promise a longer fanfic next time. Thanks to those who answered my plead. I am very grateful!

Rani@}-,--'--

Pre-Readers: Thanks to Ronald Chan, Kaneda Saotome and Black Ice.

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Previous chapters could be found at:
http://members.xoom.com/Yoshiro_san/mizu/

Fushigi Mizu 4
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He felt the rays of the sun touch his eyes. The ground that he was walking on was soft and gritty. He tried to open his eyes to know where he was, but a great gust of wind blew in his direction which prevented him from seeing anything at all.

"Where am I?" Ranma wondered.

It took a few seconds for the wind to stop. Finally, when it did, He realized that he was taken back to the desert.

"Great! That jerk and his weird friends brought me back here." Ranma exasperated.

Out of nowhere, a blue-black haired girl appeared a few feet away in front of him. She was standing, looking lost. She was wearing a familiar white blouse and green jumper dress.

Ranma easily recognized who the girl was.

"A... Akane!" Ranma called out in his loudest voice, hoping she would recognize him.

For some strange reason, Akane didn't notice him.

"It is probably because I did something stupid or perverted again..." Ranma muttered.

Ranma wanted to go closer to Akane and then she might talk to him. He tried moving his legs but they seemed stuck to the ground.

"What the...? I can't move my legs!" Ranma said. He used all of his strength but they still refuse to budge.

"Akane!" Ranma shouted hoping that she might at least look at him.

Suddenly, a blond haired man wearing an armor stood behind Akane.

Ranma suddenly sensed fear for Akane. He was still trying to move his legs but it was hopeless.

The man held a small dagger in his hand.

"A-a â€"akane!" Ranma warned.

Akane did not move.

The man's hand went up until tip of the dagger had touched Akane's neck. His blue-eyes focused at Ranma's blue ones.

The man gave Ranma a cold smile.

"Reigen, you are mine..."

* * *

"No!" Ranma shouted as she woke from her slumber. She was panting hard and her clothes were soaked with sweat.

"Akane! No!" Ranma moaned, she was clutching her shoulders that was still shaking.

As her vision cleared, she noticed something in front of her.

"A mirror? How come there is a mirror?" Ranma thought.

She quickly scanned her surroundings. She wasn't in the desert, this is a bedroom.

"Thank God! It was just a dream," Ranma sighed.

But as much as Ranma tried to reassure that it was all just a dream, she still couldn't erase the memory of the man who threatened Akane. His cold blue eyes making her shiver with fear, his smile that she knew was dangerous and downright evil, and the words he said...

"Reigen, you are mine..."

Ranma could feel her heart pumping fast. It was the first time that she felt unknown fear. She swore that never in her life has she ever seen or knew such a man.

And the way he threatened to kill Akane. Akane. She hated to admit but she missed the uncute tomboy. But she also knew that she missed her as a friend and almost as a sister.

"No, it is impossible. Akane is all that is important to me, she is the only one that I ever loved," Ranma softly said.

Deep inside, Ranma knew that it was a lie. Images and memories are starting to return to her. A Kingdom of happiness that once had ruled the country. A Princess's destiny...

"No!" Ranma whispered in anguish.

She shook all the thoughts away. She knew that dreams seldom happen. Maybe it was just because she was tired. Ranma tried to push the thoughts into the back of her mind. She needed something to distract her thoughts from the dream.

"Where am I anyway?" Ranma wondered.

She seemed to be in someone's bedroom. The room was relatively small and plain, having only a closet, a chair, a mirror, and the small bed

she was on.

Wanting to know more on this place, she pushed the covers and got up. But as she stood up, a moan escaped her lips and Ranma quickly sank back unto the bed. The bump she received from the boulder left her feeling dizzy and with an intense pain in her head.

Ranma laid on the bed, noticing a window, and started observing as the towns people went on with their daily lives. She knew it was a chance for her to escape but somehow, she couldn't. It felt as she was deserting her own people.

When she felt the pain lessened, she stood up again, wincing every once and a while as she slowly got out of bed.

But before she could fully stand up, Ranma heard her stomach grumble.

"Oh, great... " Ranma groaned.

"I must have used most of my energy fighting. I gotta get something to eat," Ranma said.

As she fixed her appearance, smoothing the wrinkle of her clothes and brushing her hair with her fingers, she began to think of the kind person who took care of her while she was unconscious "I must thank him for his kindness" Ranma thought. "But food is more important right now,"

When she was ready, she peeked out of the door, making sure the coast was clear, then tiptoed out of the room and down the hall.

The distinct smell of food could be sensed a few feet away and Ranma's mouth began to water. On her way to where the food was, she heard voices coming from a room beside her and from what she slightly heard, she was sure they were talking about her. Wanting to know more about the conversation rather than the food, she crept near the door, opened it slightly and listened in...

* * *

"Tamahome was beaten by a girl? Looks like your getting weak, Tama-chan," Tasuki teased.

"Shut up, Tasuki! How should've I know that she was a girl?" Tamahome said, getting irritated with Tasuki's teasing. He felt guilty already for what he has done, and this wasn't helping at all.

"Tamahome? Not know another girl? I guess it is because you are always stuck with Miaka..." Tasuki continued.

"I said shut up!" Tamahome yelled, ready to attack Tasuki.

"That is enough," Nuriko said putting himself between the two friends.

"I didn't really know she was a girl cause she acted very much like a guy," Tamahome said. "And she is not even cute," he continued.

Those words somehow irritated Ranma. She wasn't sure how or why but she was actually offended by his words, she used to teasing Akane with them, now it seems like the tables have turned.

"And to think that I wanted to thank the person who brought me here? My ass!" Ranma thought, she was quite irritated.

Thinking of a plan to get back, she then began to unloosen her braid, letting her long lustrous red hair fall at her back, creating a very sexy look. She then unbuttoned the top part of her shirt, revealing her creamy white shoulders.

Ranma then entered the room with ease making sure everyone would notice her. She then began making her towards the blue haired jerk. Her hips was swaying slightly, creating a sexy look.

Everyone of the Seishis, including Nuriko, was deeply entranced by the buxom red haired girl making her way towards them. It was the first time a girl ever did that to them and even inside the Emperor's palace.

Tamahome was still talking about the fight when he noticed his friends' open mouths.

"What's happening to all of you?" Tamahome asked, completely unaware of the girl behind him.

Ranma, having reached him, tapped lightly on his shoulder.

Tamahome turned around completely surprised at a very beautiful looking at him with such sweetness. Her copper red hair was framing her delicate face, her small pink lips and her blue eyes twinkling.

"Are you talking about me?" Ranma sweetly asked, making her eyelashes flutter.

And in a flash a fist made it way towards Tamahome's face.

Tamahome quickly sank to the floor, totally unconscious as the rest of the Seishis was shocked at the girl's strength and her speed.

"Wimp..." Ranma snorted.

* * *

Meanwhile in the Castle of Konan...

A man of early twenties with long blond hair and wearing an armor was sitting languidly on his throne. His handsome face displayed no emotion.

In front of him was a picture of a beautiful crimson-haired girl, smiling and holding a single red rose.

But the most distinguishing part of her face was her eyes.

The color of shapphire.

It has been ten years...

Nakago raised his glass, giving salute to the girl. Soon, she would be his.

Very, very, soon.

"Welcome back, my princess."

End
file.